And what may make him blush in being knowne,
Heele ſtap the courſe by which it might be knowne,
With hoſtile forces heele ore-ſpread the land,
And with the ſtint of warre will looke ſo huge,
Amazement ſhall driue courage from the ſtate:
Our men be vanquiſht, ere they doe reſiſt,
And ſubiects punniſht that neuer thought offence,
Which care of them, not pitty of my ſelfe,
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my body pine, and ſoule to lanquiſh,
And punniſh that before that he would punniſh.

Enter all the Lord With Pericles.

1 *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your ſacred breaſt:

2. *Lord* And keepe your mind till you returne to vs peacefull and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue:
They doe abuſe the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellowes blowes vp ſinne,
The thing the which is flattered, but a ſparke,
To which that ſpake giues heate and ſtronger
Glowing whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When *ſignior* ſooth here does proclayme peace,
Hee flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.
Prince pardon me, or ſtrike me if you pleaſe,
I can not be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leaue vs elſe: but let your cares ore-looke
What ſhipping, and what ladings in our Hauen,
And then returne to vs, *Hellicanus* thou haſt
Moou'd vs: what ſeeſt thou in our lookes?

Hell. An angry brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be ſuch a dart in Princes frownes,
How durſt thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hell. How dares the planets looke vp to heauen,

From

From whence they haue their nouriſhment?

Per. Thou knoweſt I haue power to take thy life from

Hell. I haue ground the Axe my ſelfe,
Doe but you ſtrike the blow.

Per. Riſe, prethee riſe, ſit downe thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee for it, and heauen forbid,
That Kings ſhould let their eares heare their faults hid,
Fit Counſeller, and ſeruant for a Prince,
Who by thy wiſedome makes a Prince thy ſeruant,
What wouldſt thou haue me doe?

Hell. To beare with patience ſuch griefes, as you your ſelfe doe lay vpon your ſelfe.

Per. Thou ſpeakeſt like a Phyſition *Hellicanus*,
That miniſters a portion vnto me,
That thou wouldſt tremble to receiue thy ſelfe.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
Where as thou knoweſt (againſt the face of death)
I ſought the purchaſe of a glorious beauty
From whence an iſſue I might propigate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring ioyes to ſubiects:
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The reſt (harke in thine eare) as blacke as inceſt,
Which by my knowledge found the ſinfull father,
Seem'de not to ſtrike, but ſmooth: But thou knowſt this,
Tis time to feare, when Tyrants ſeeme to kiſſe.
Which feare ſo grew in me I hither fled,
Vnder the couering of a carefull night,
Who ſeem'd my good Protector: and being here,
Bethought what was paſt, what might ſucceed;
I knew him tyrannous, and Tyrants feare
Decreaſe not, but grow faſter then the yeares:
And ſhould he doo't as no doubt he doth,
That I ſhould open to the liſtning ayre,
How many worthy Princes blouds were ſhed,
To keepe his bed of blackneſſe vnlayd ope,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo